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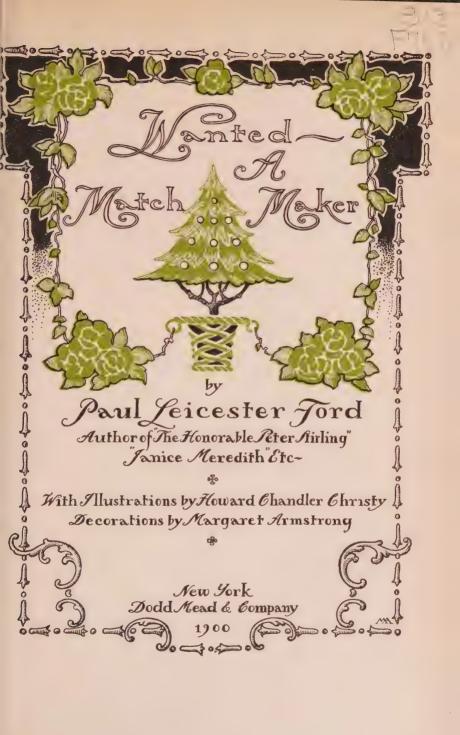














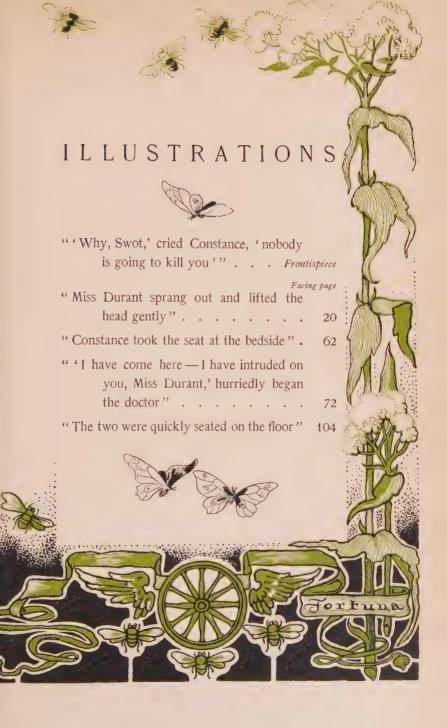
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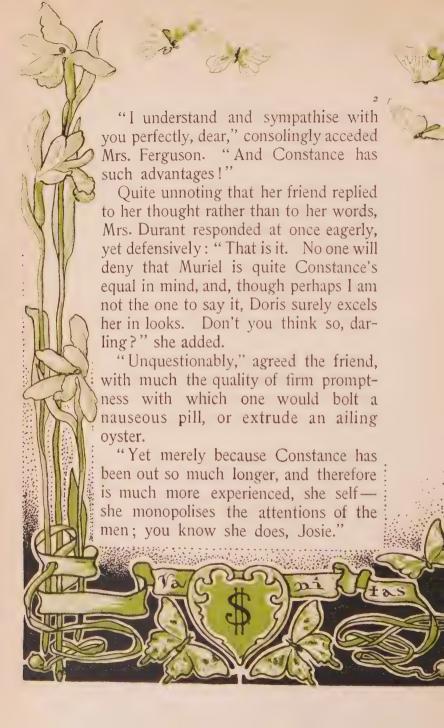


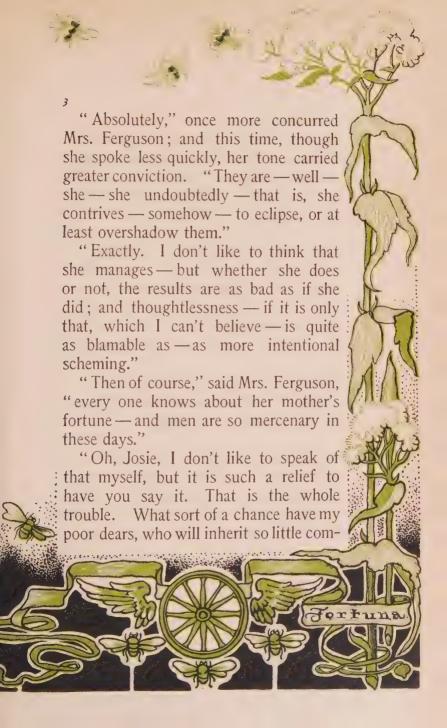
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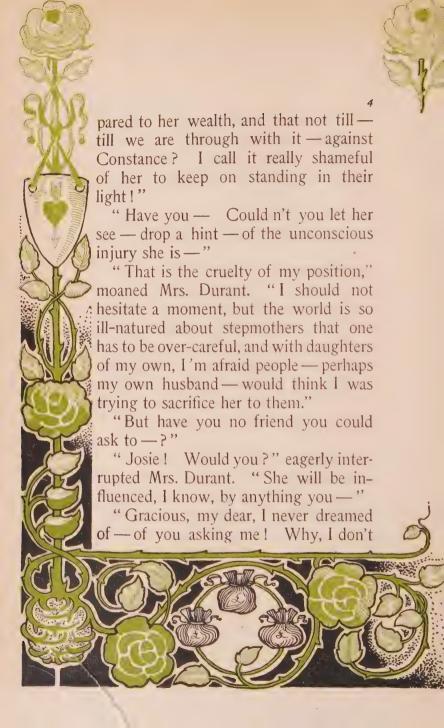


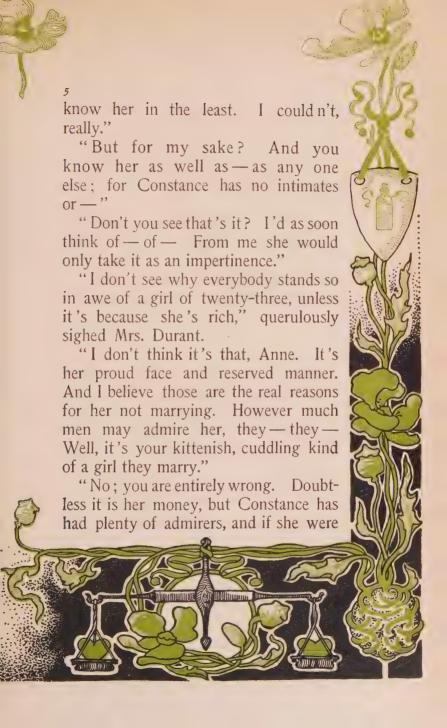


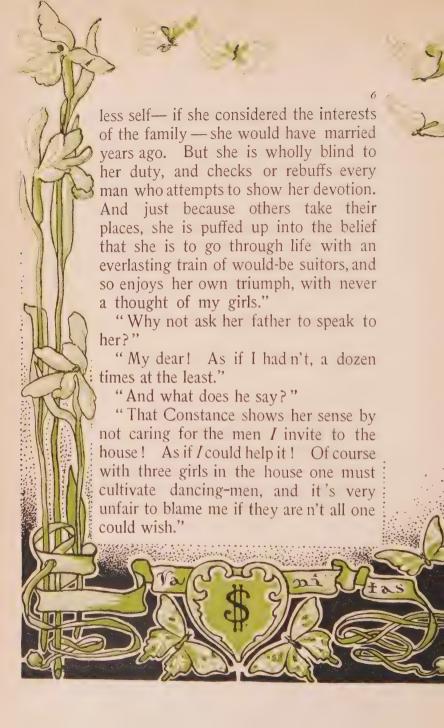


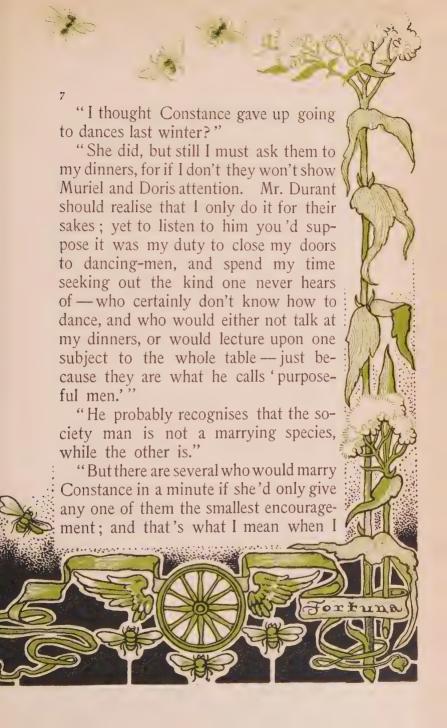


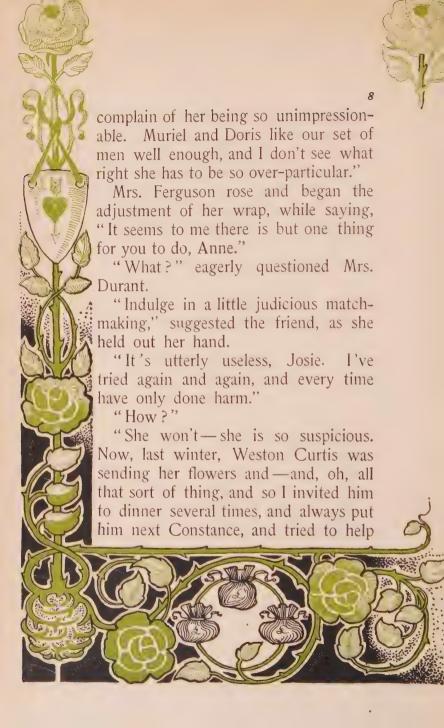


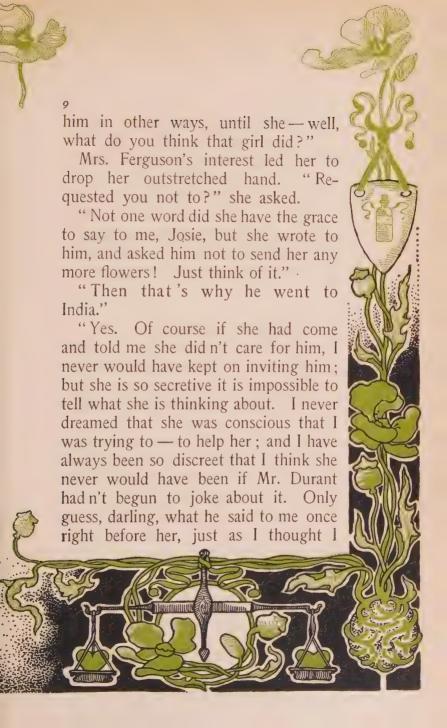


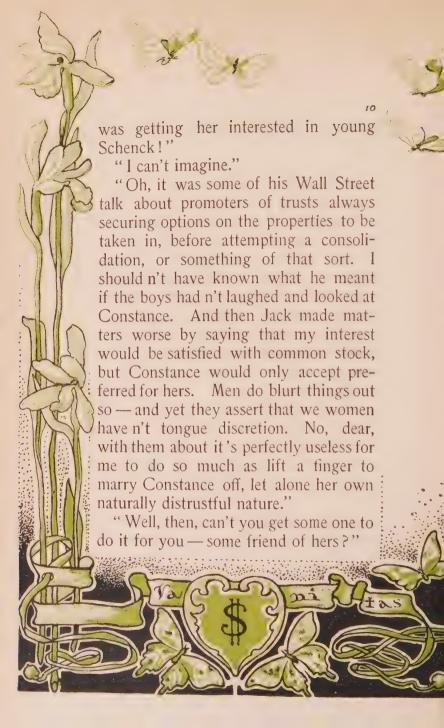


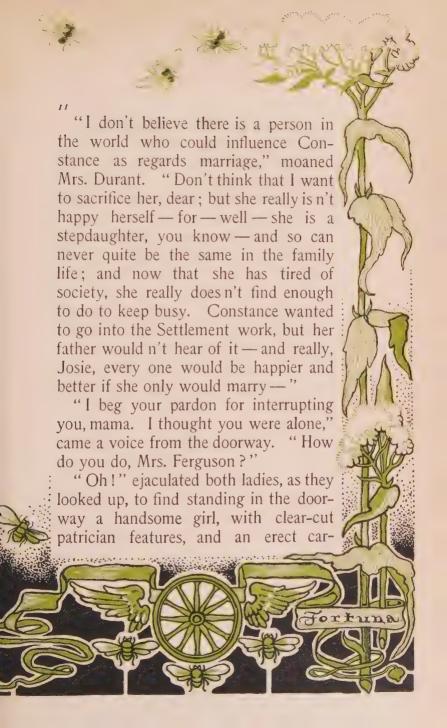


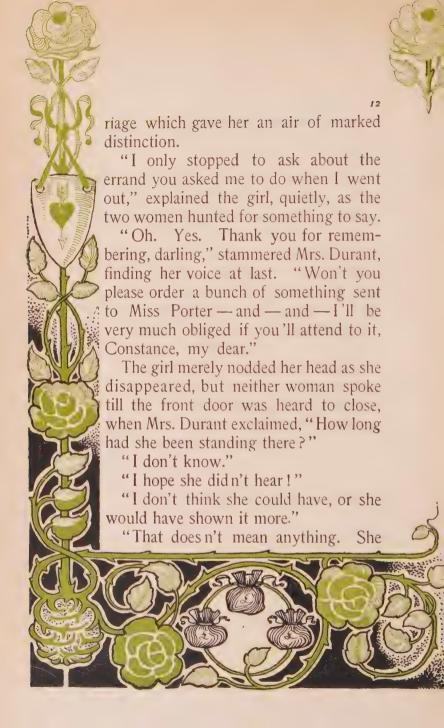


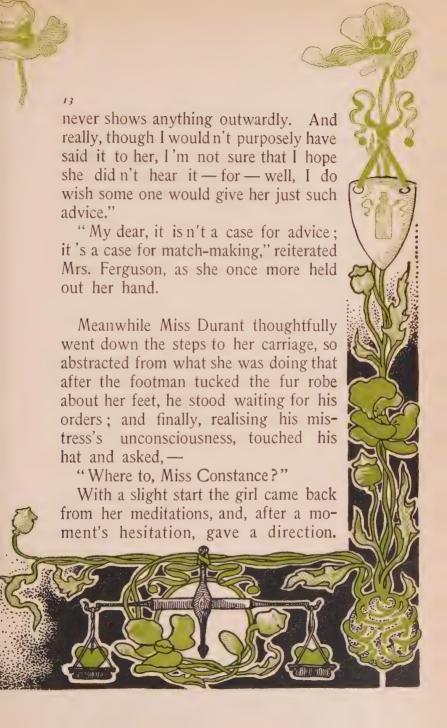


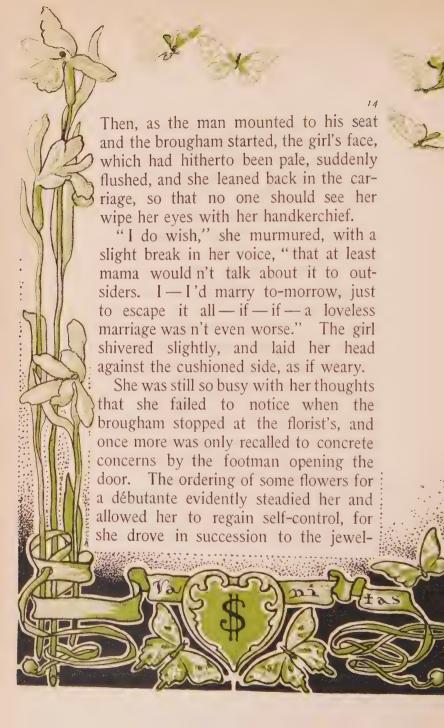


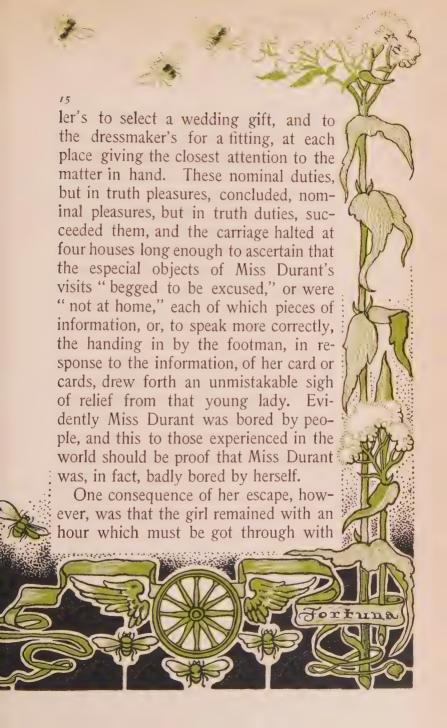


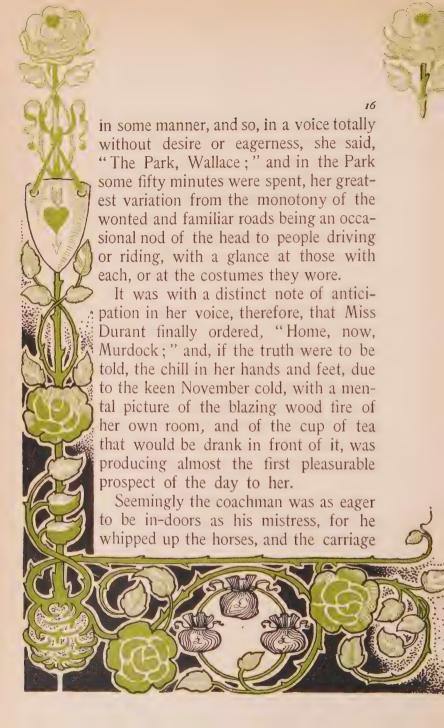


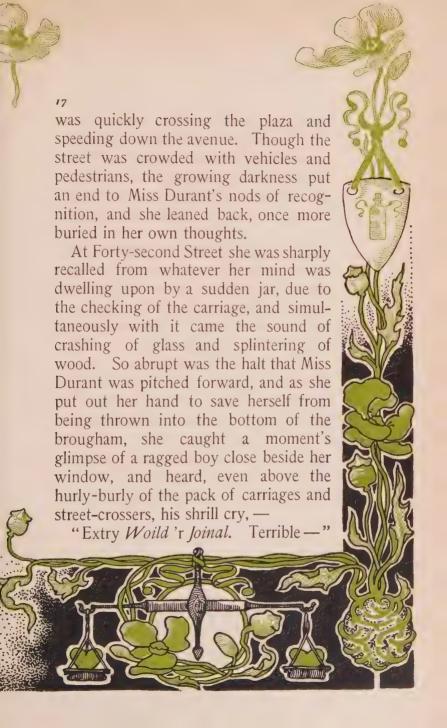


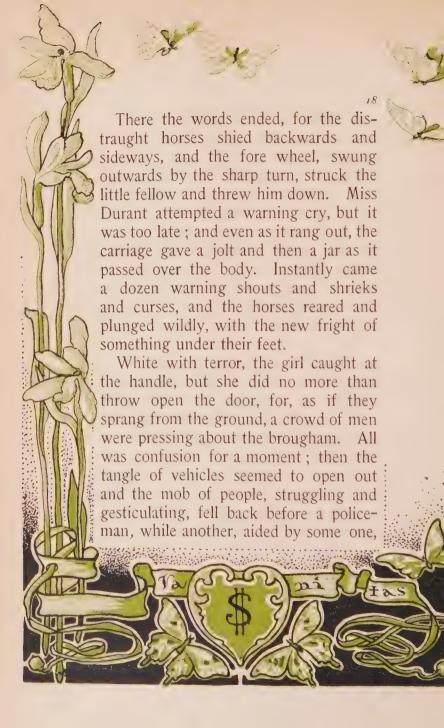


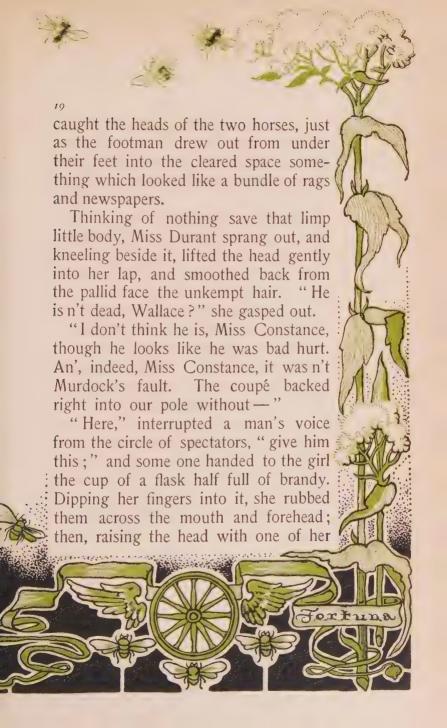


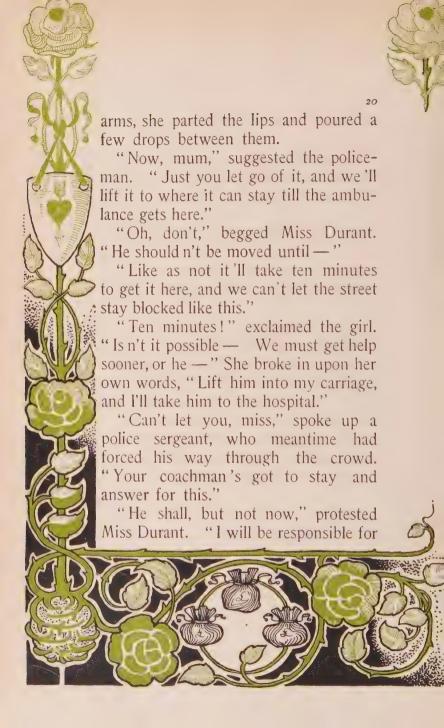






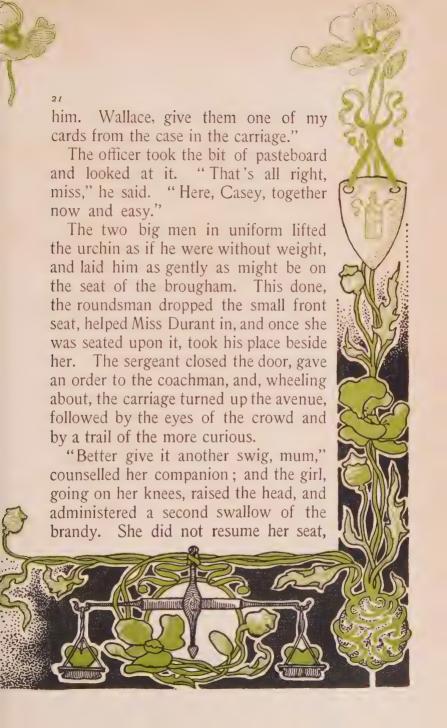


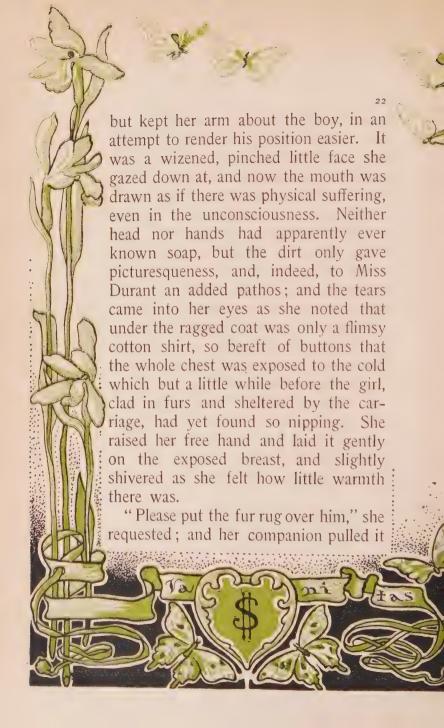


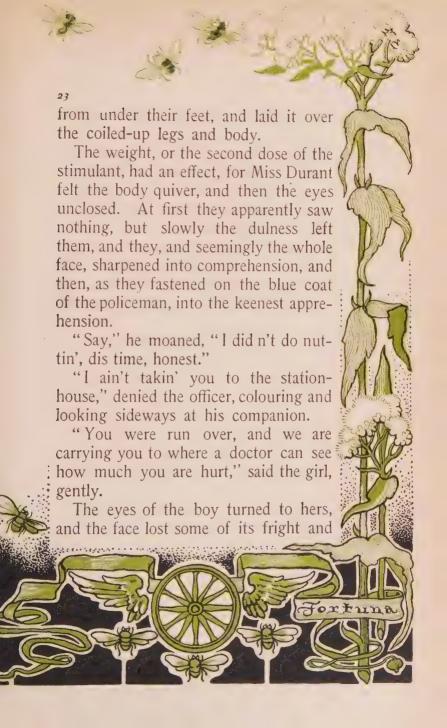


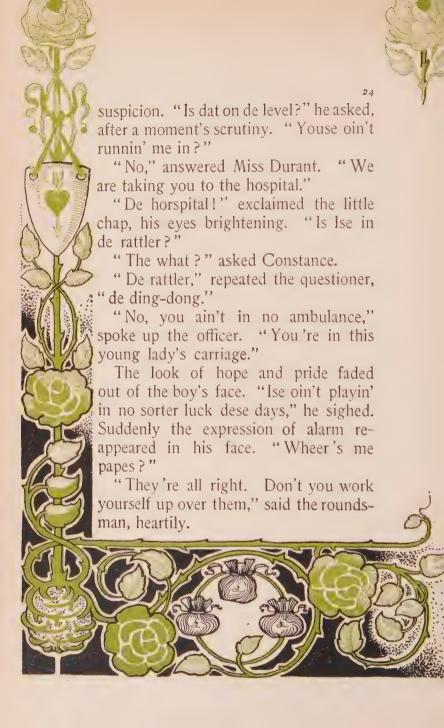


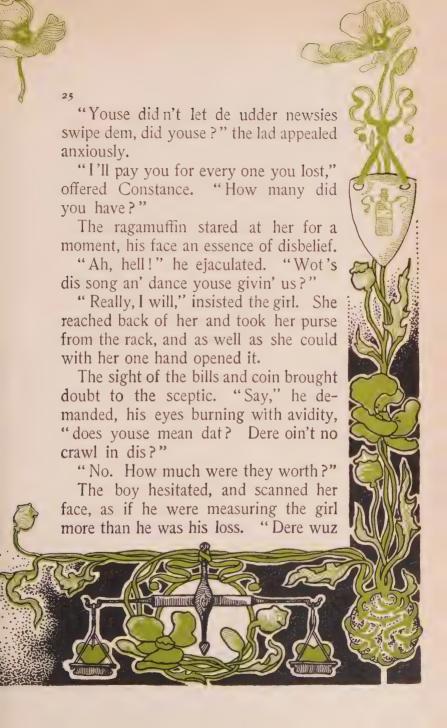
William Manual Manual

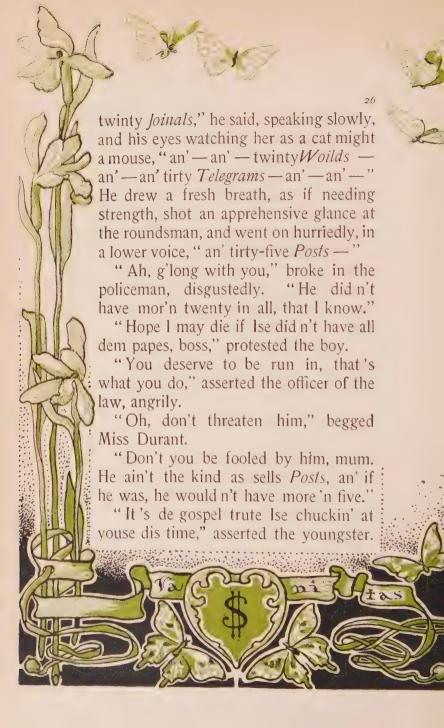


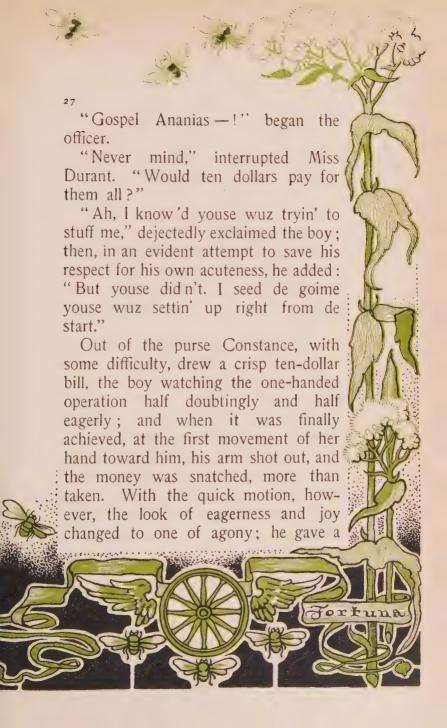


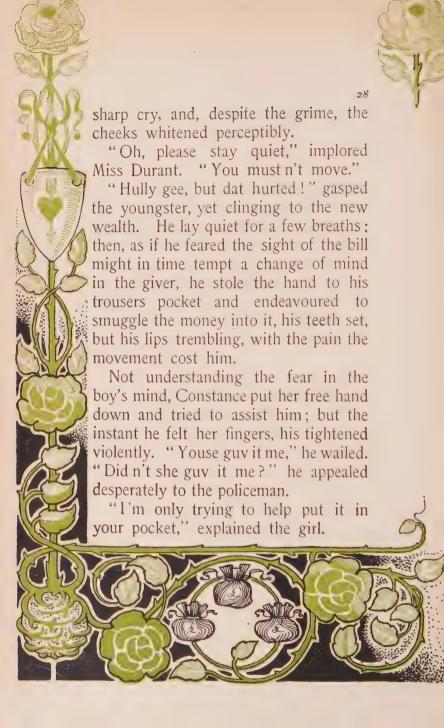


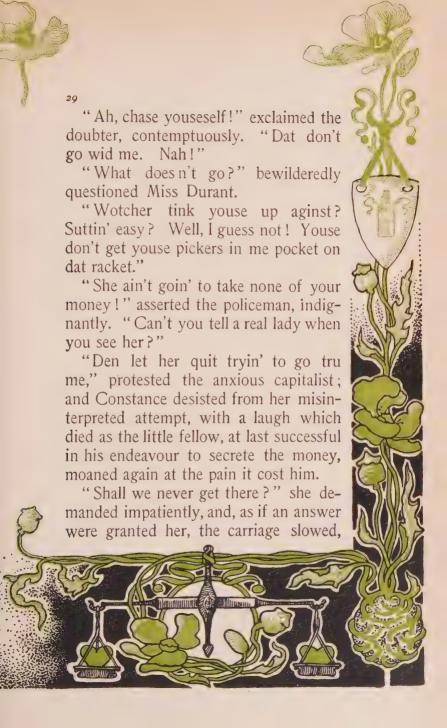


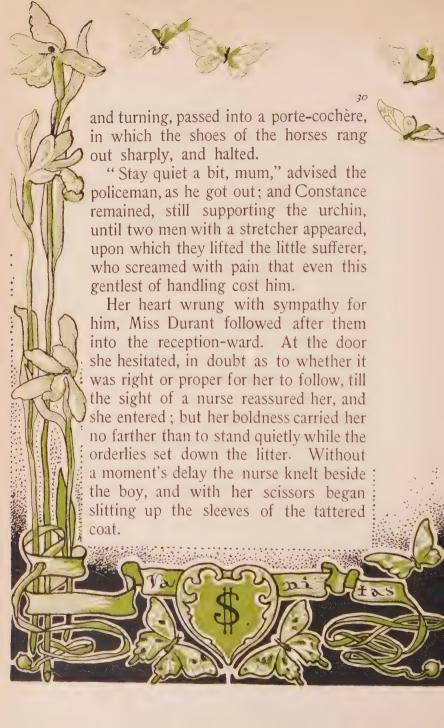


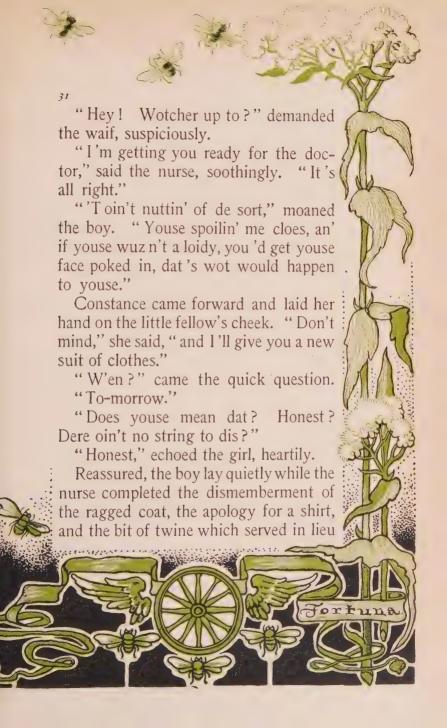


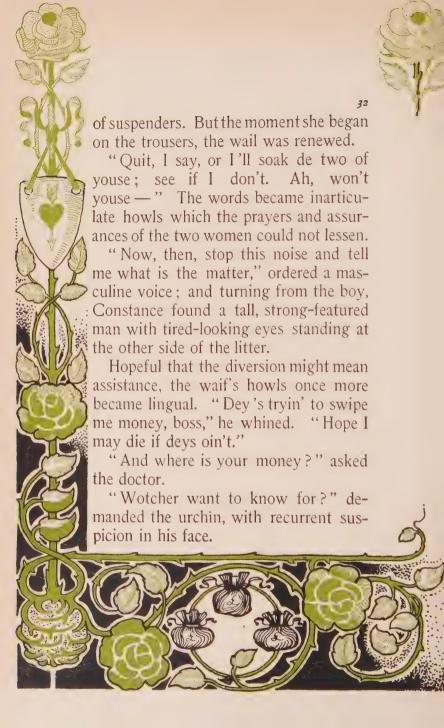


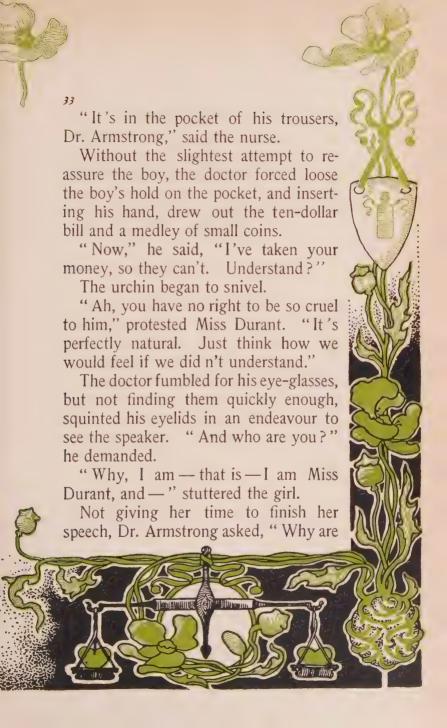


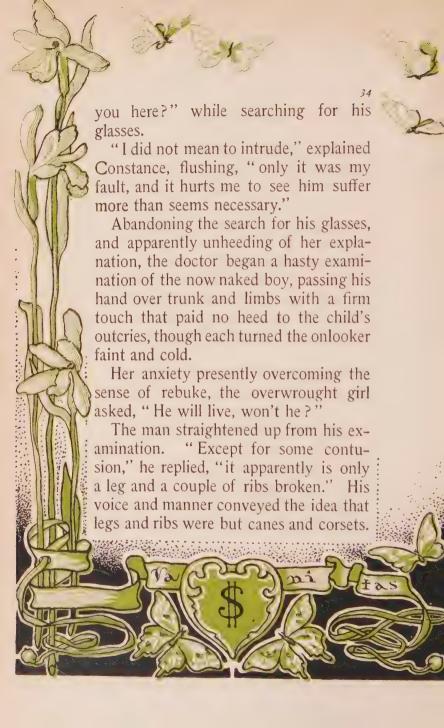


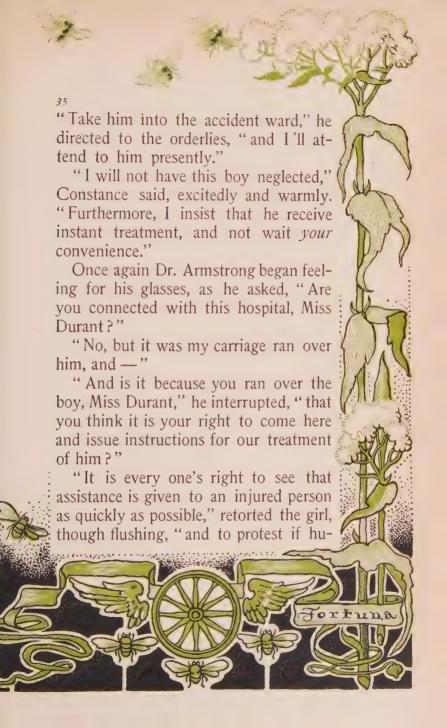


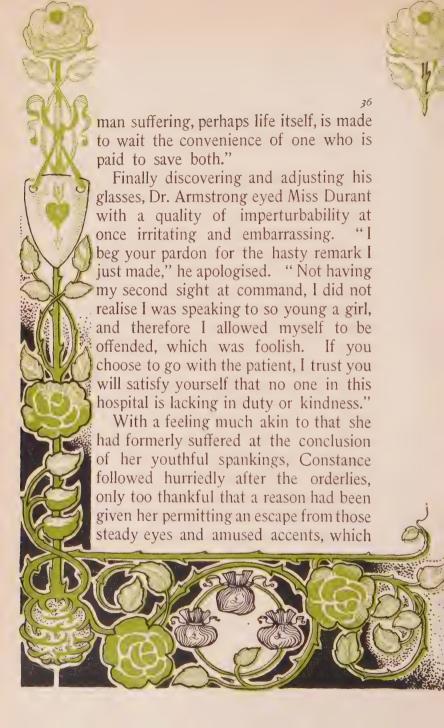


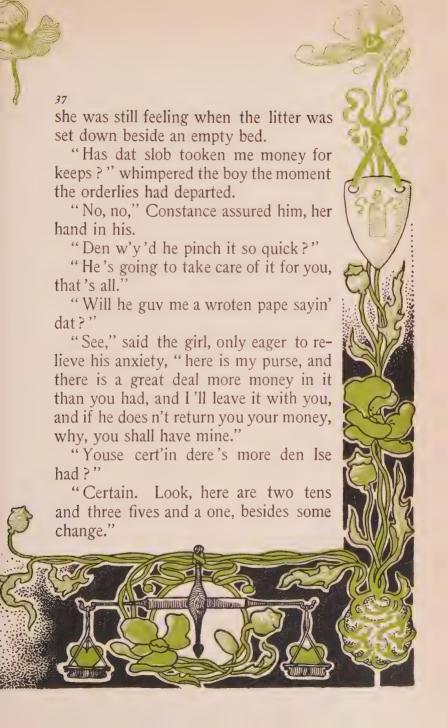


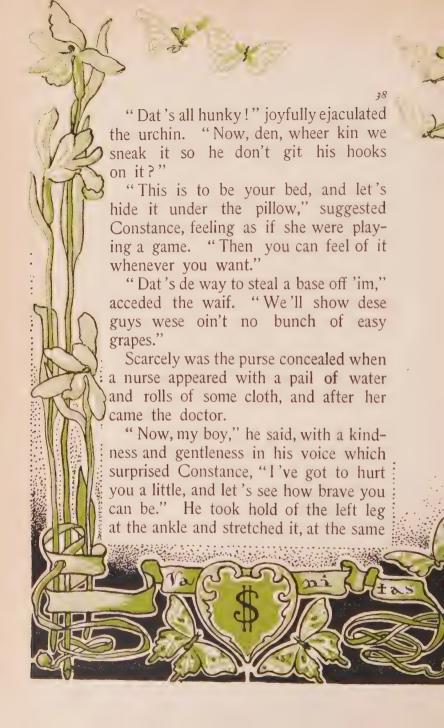


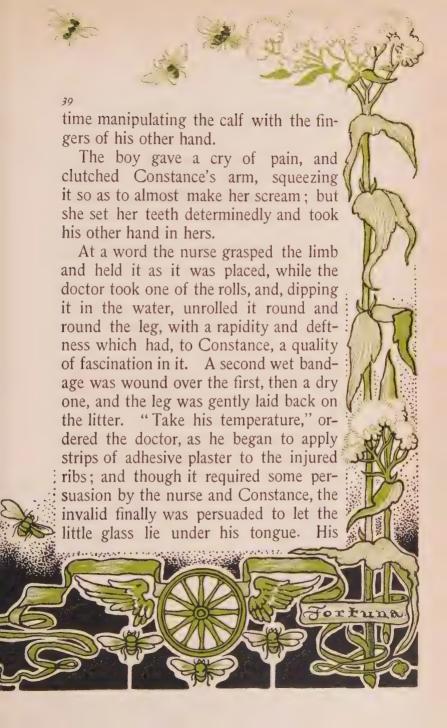


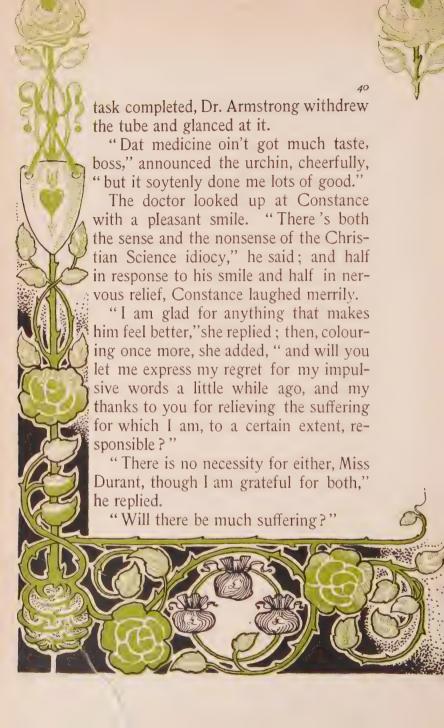


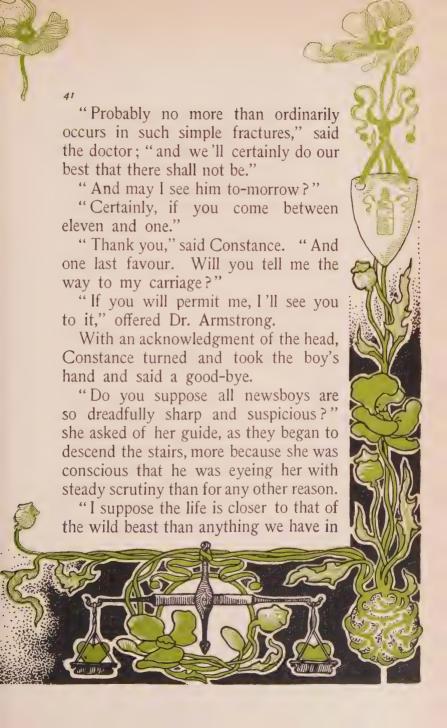


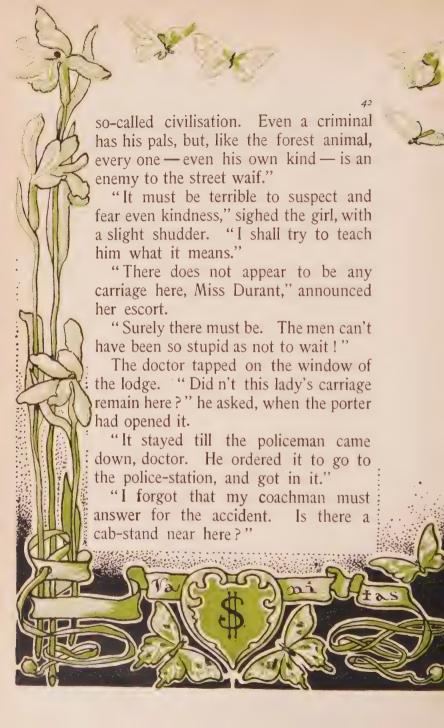


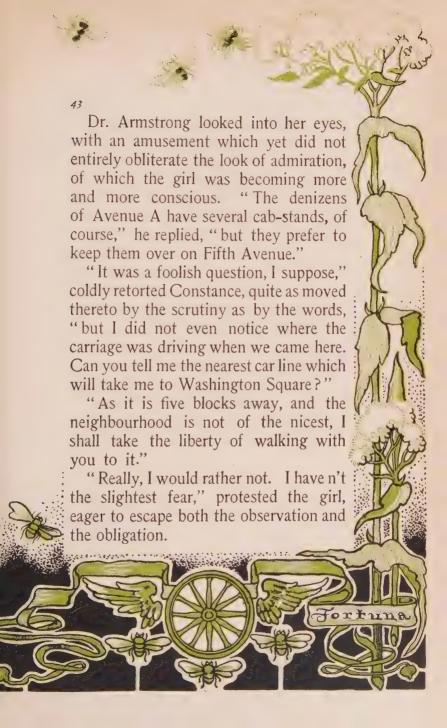


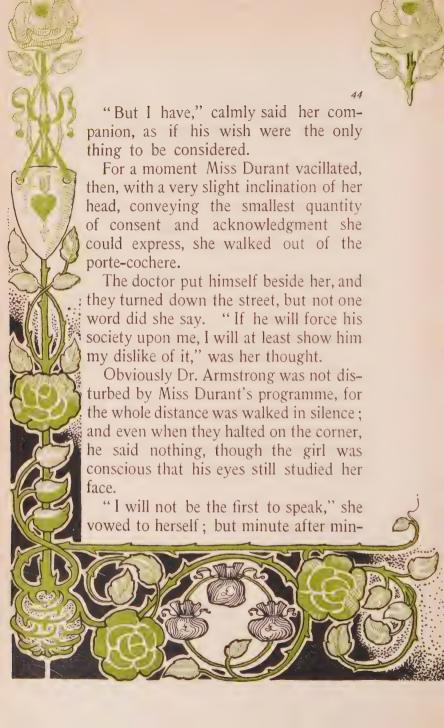


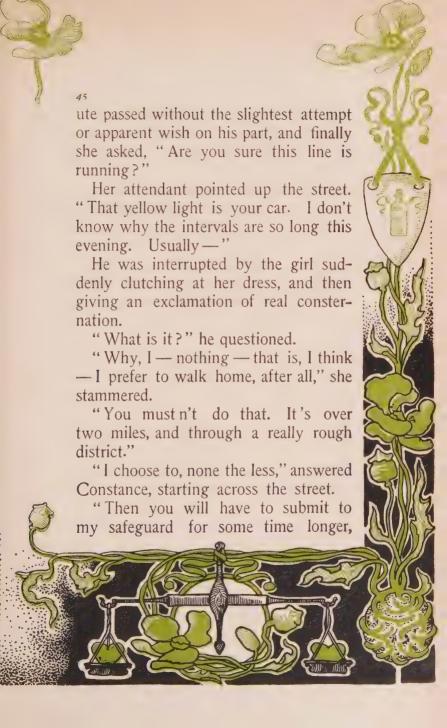


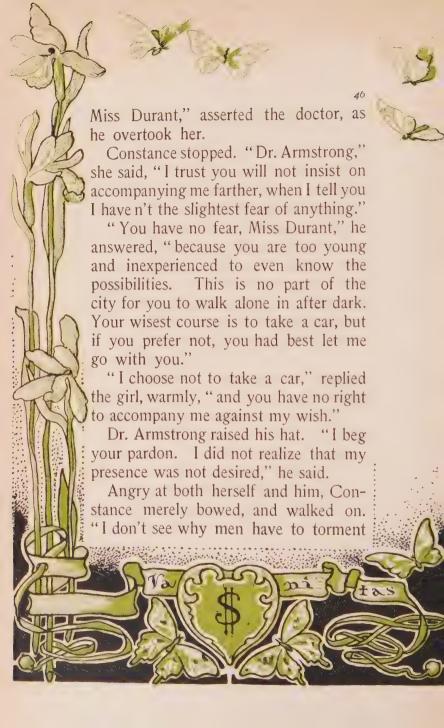


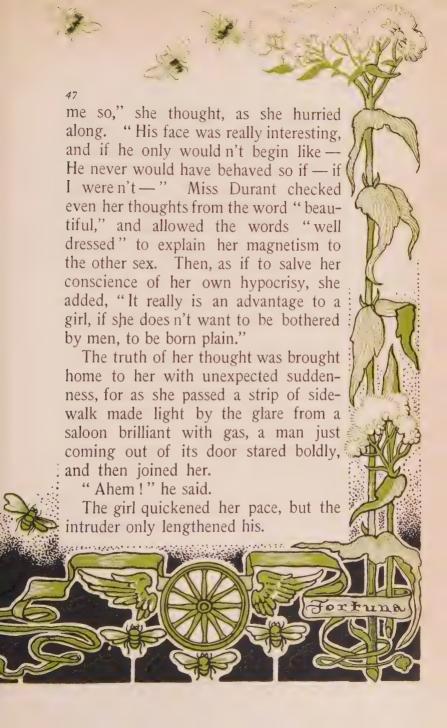


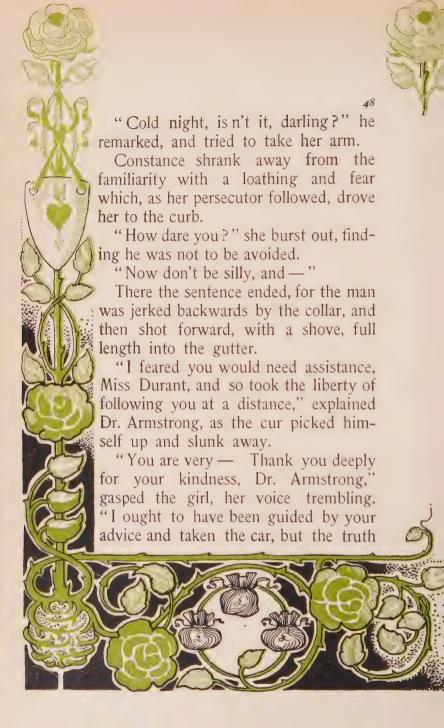


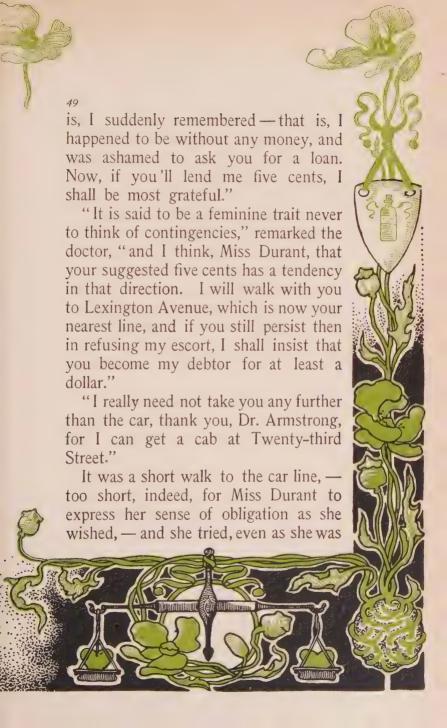


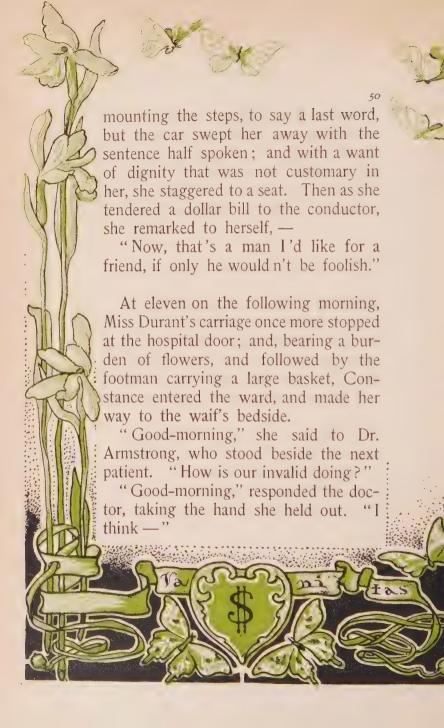


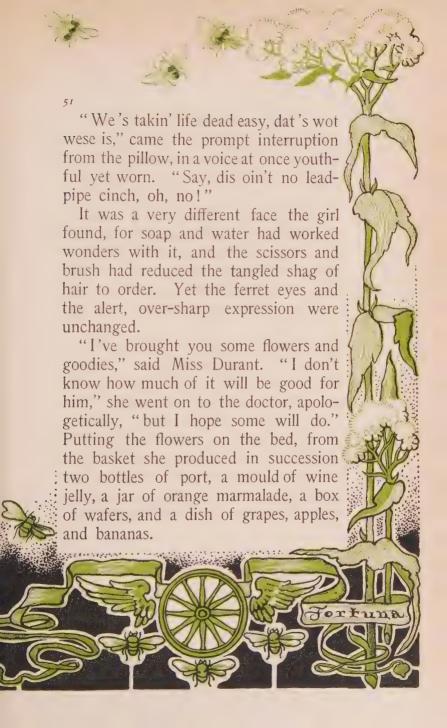


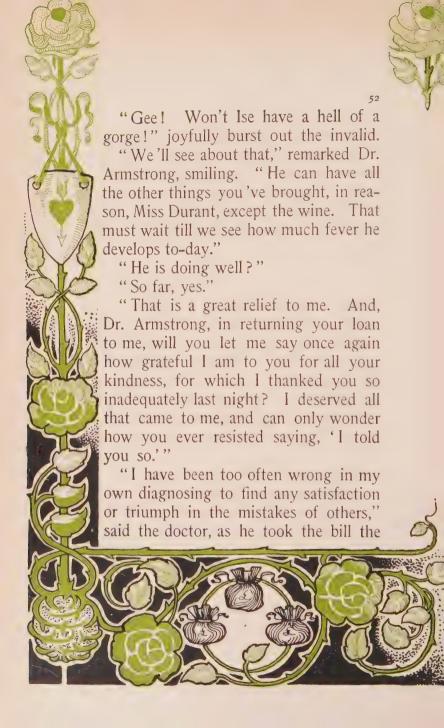


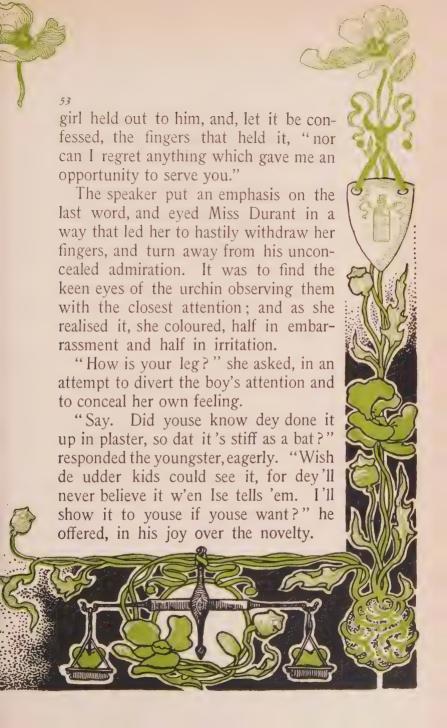


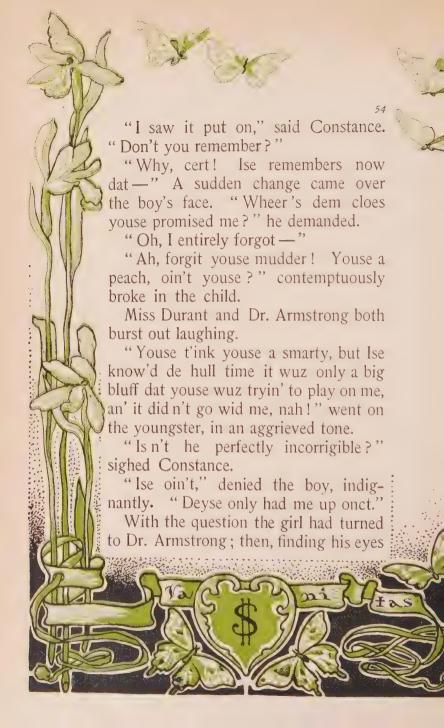


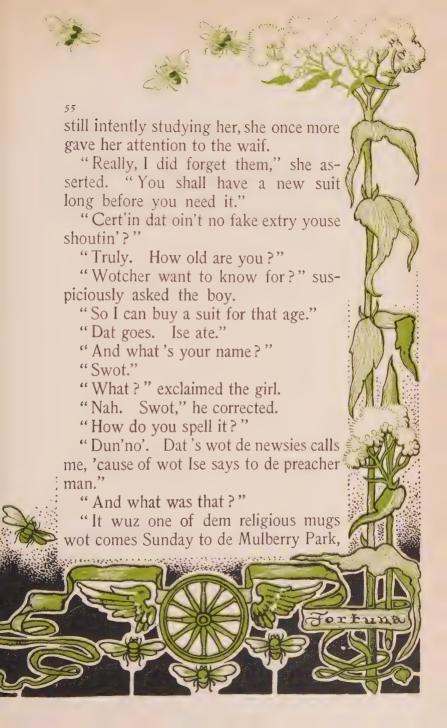


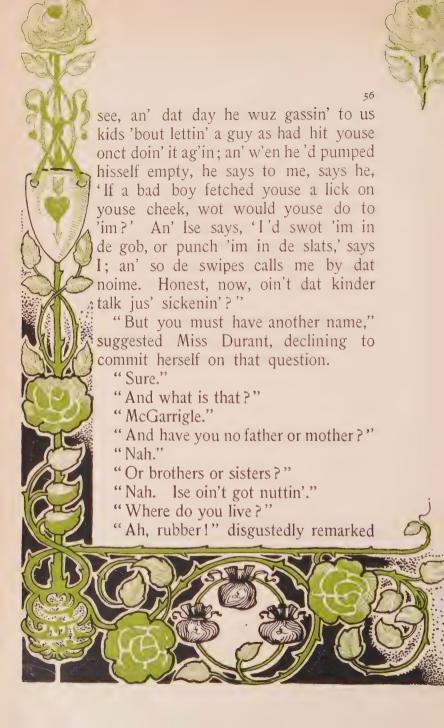


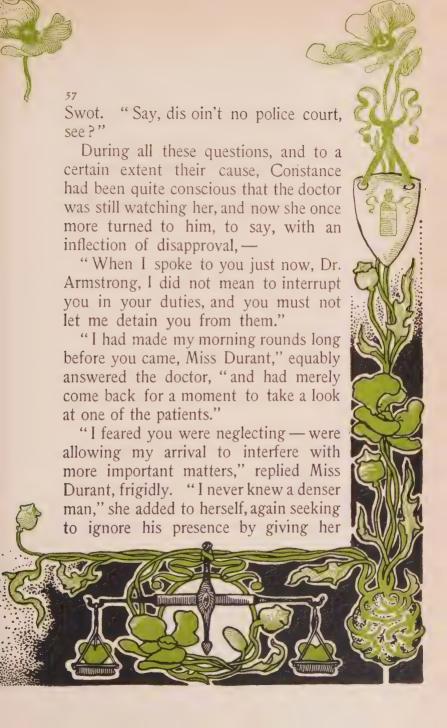


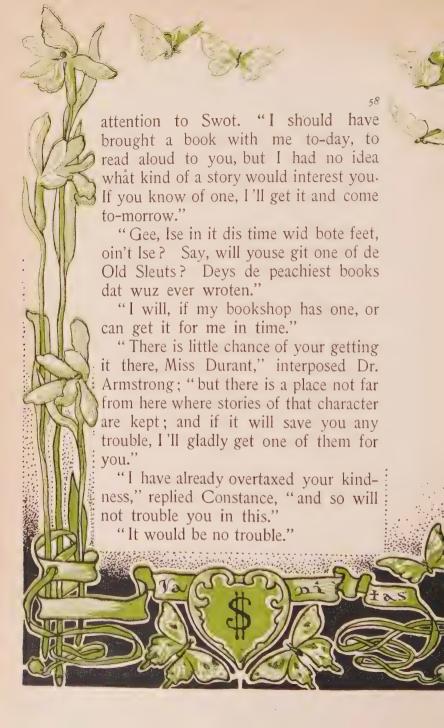


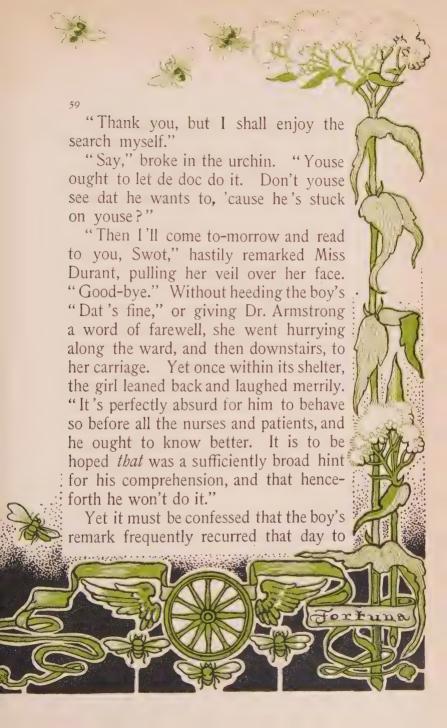


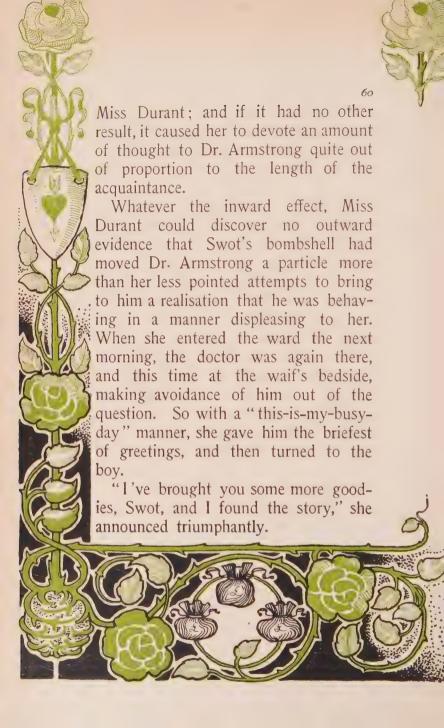


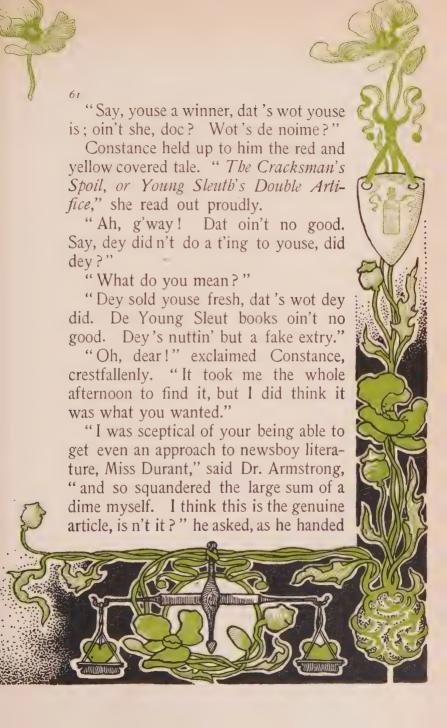


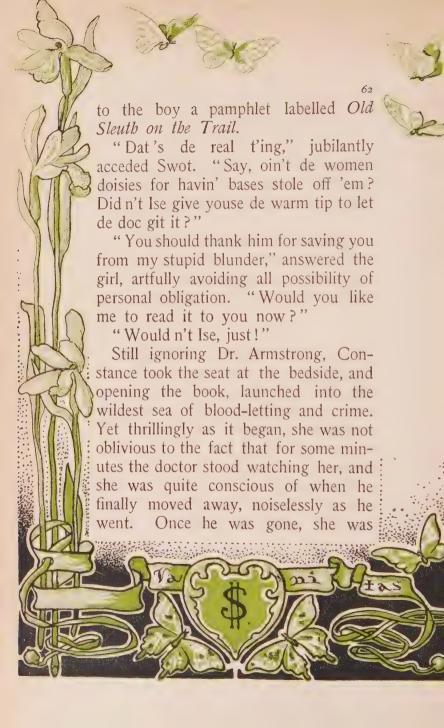








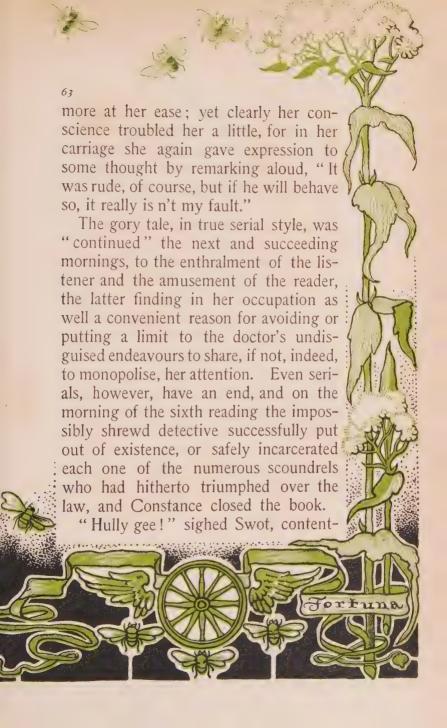


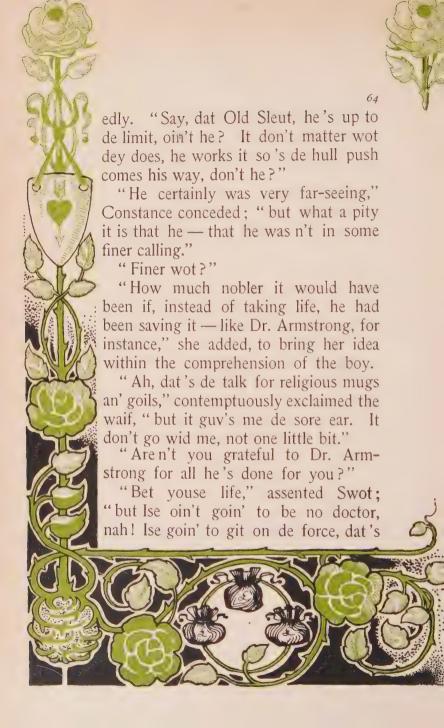




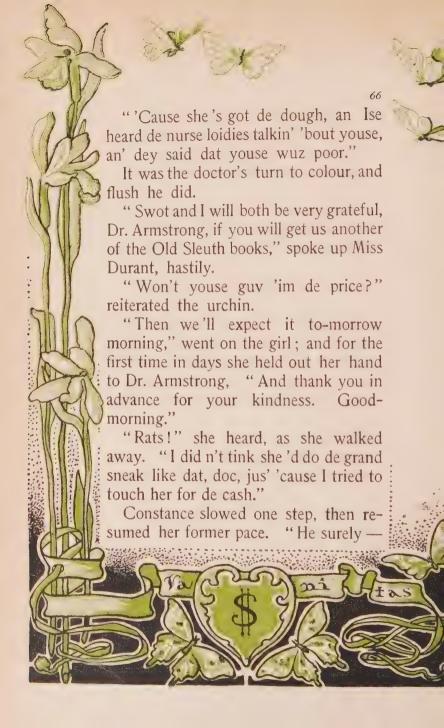


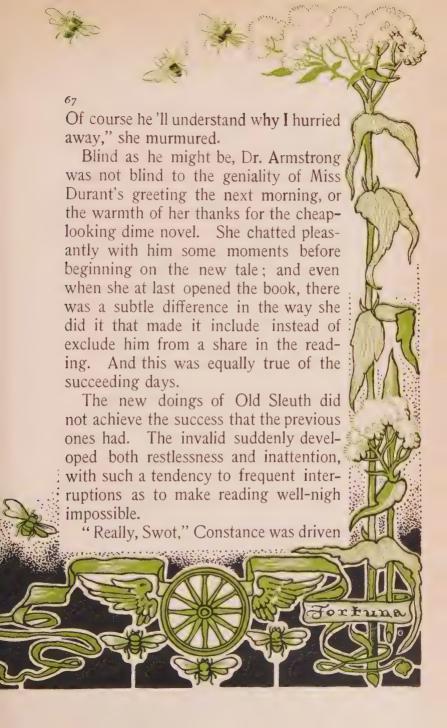


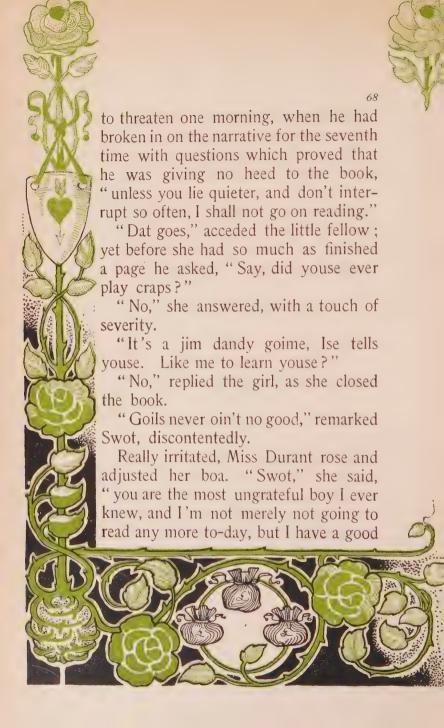


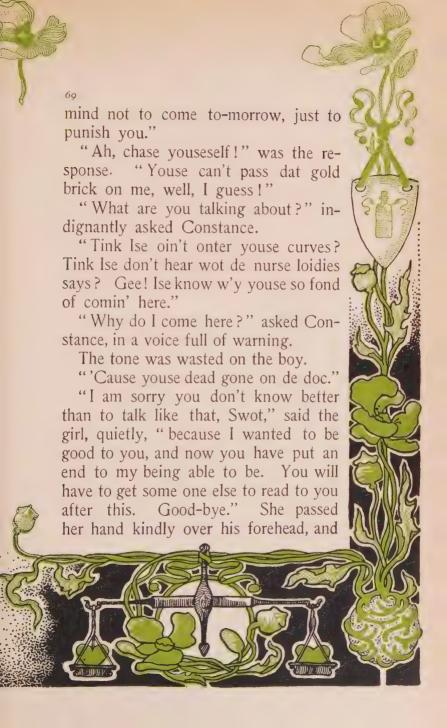


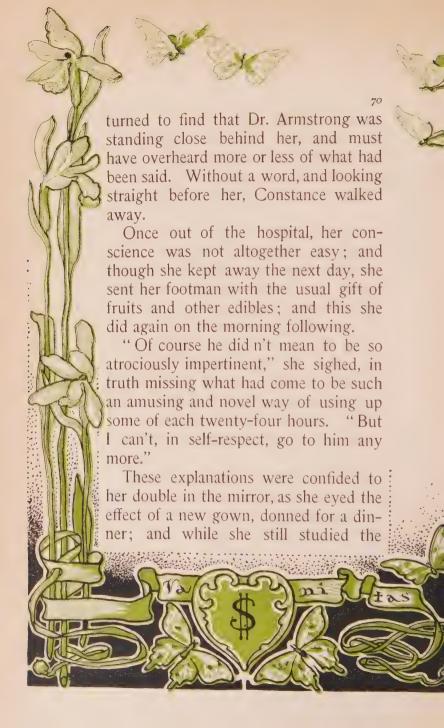


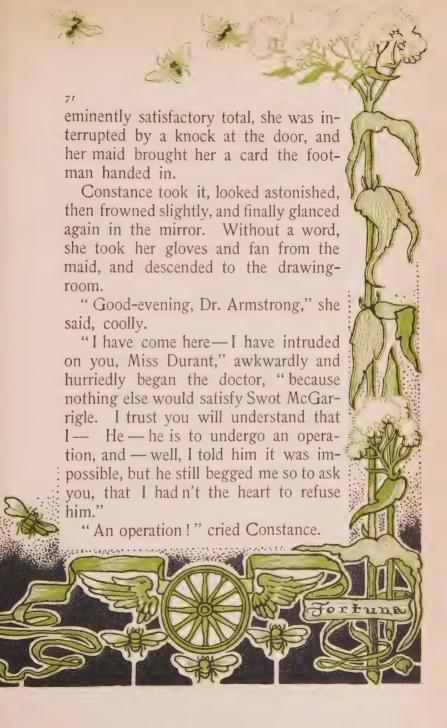


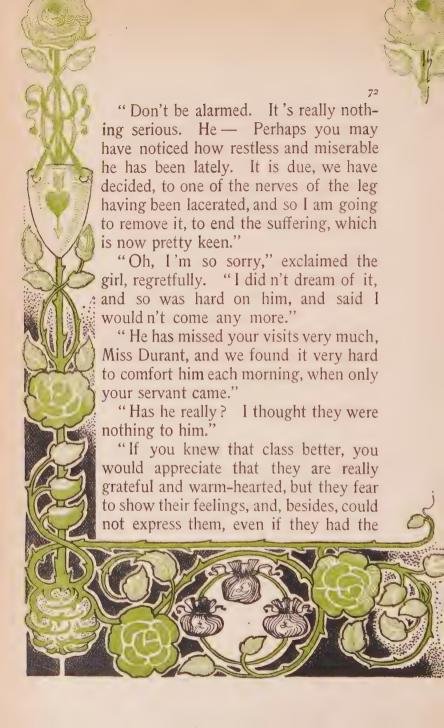










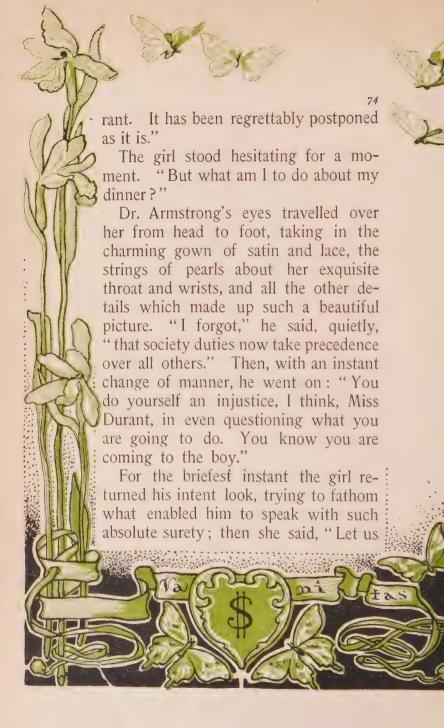


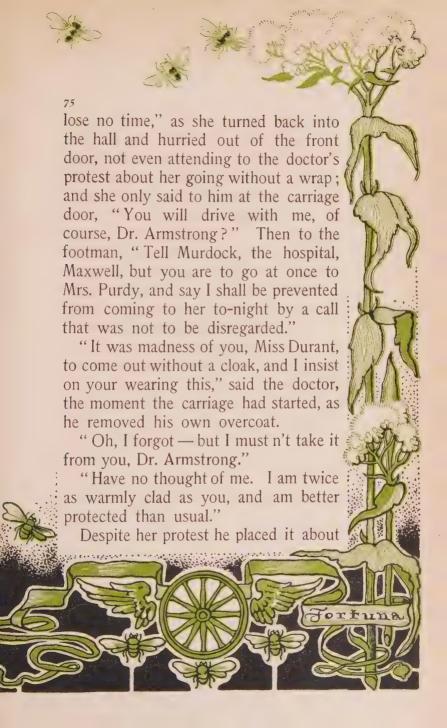


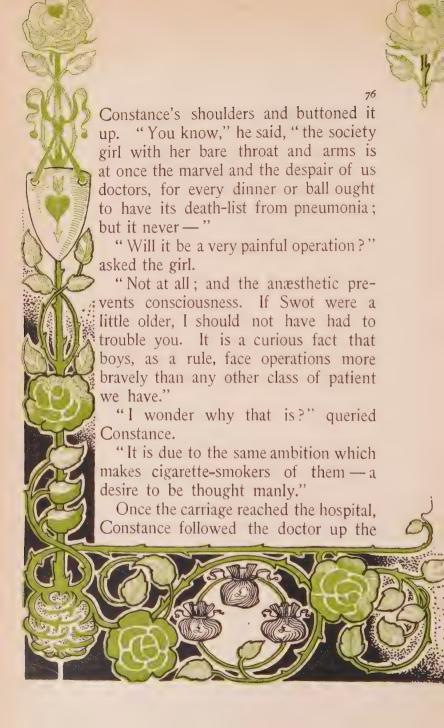


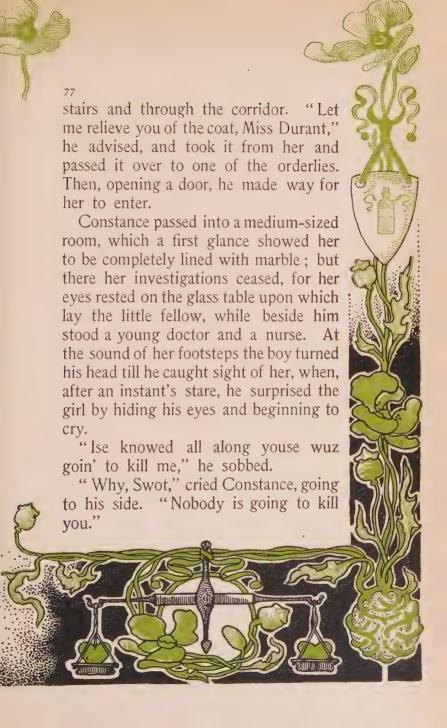


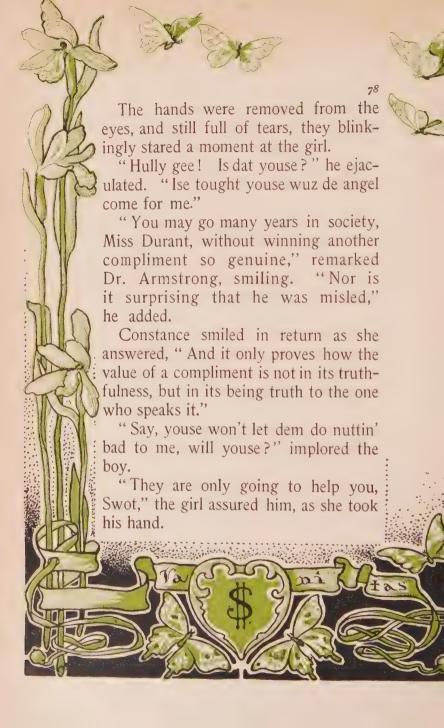
73 words, which they don't. But if you could hear the little chap sing your praises to the nurses and to me, you would not think him heartless. 'My loidy' is his favourite description of vou." "He wants to see me?" questioned the girl, eagerly. "Yes. Like most of the poorer class, Miss Durant," explained the doctor, "he has a great dread of the knife. To make him less frantic, I promised that I would come to you with his wish; and though I would not for a moment have you present at the actual operation, if you could yield so far as to come to him for a few minutes, and assure him that we are going to do it for his own good, I think it will make him more submissive." "When do you want me?" asked Miss Durant. "It is — I am to operate as soon as I can get back to the hospital, Miss Du-

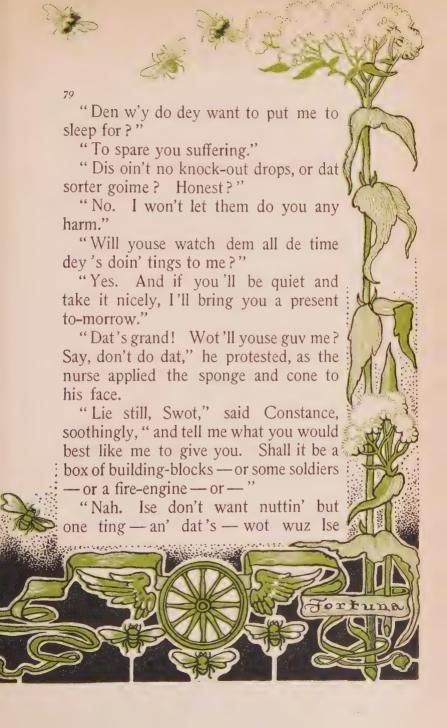


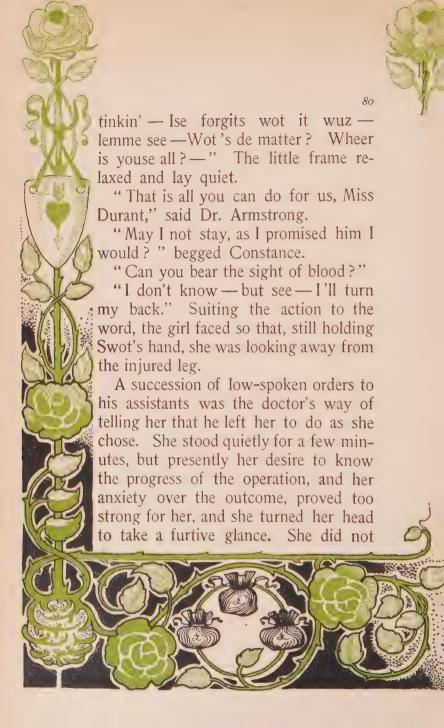


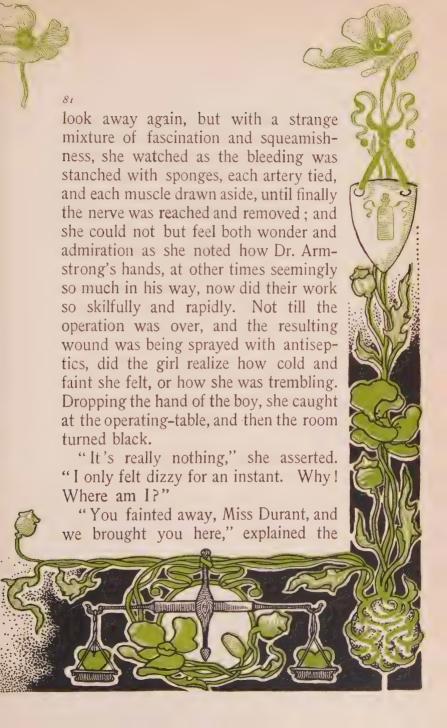


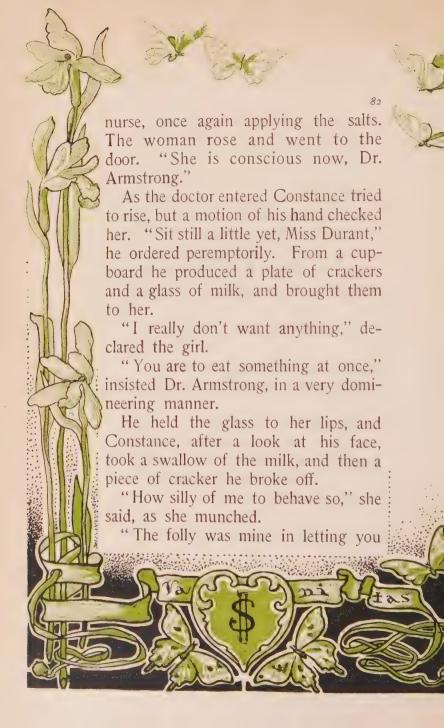


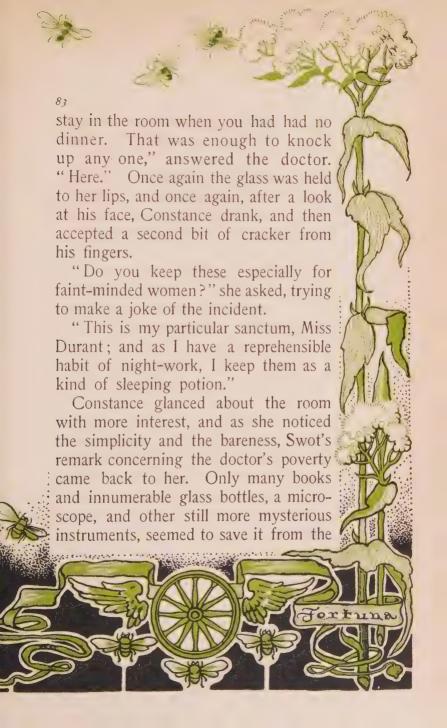


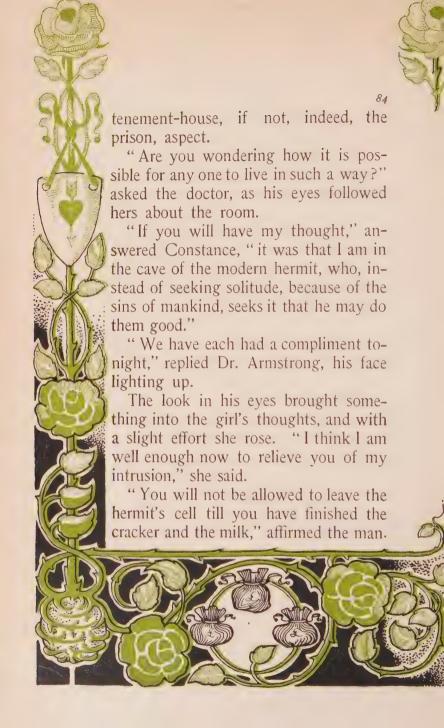


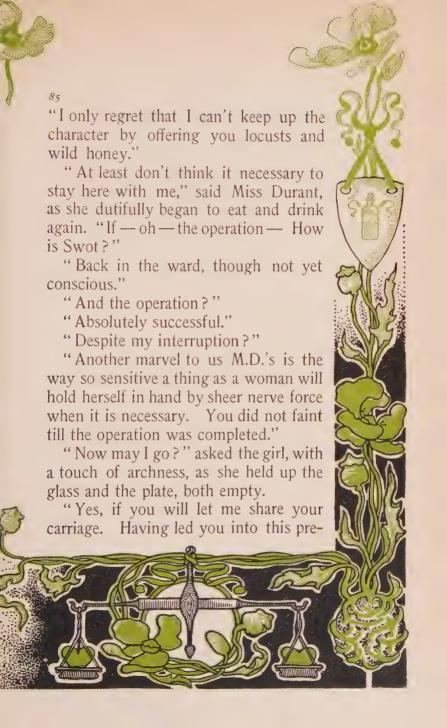


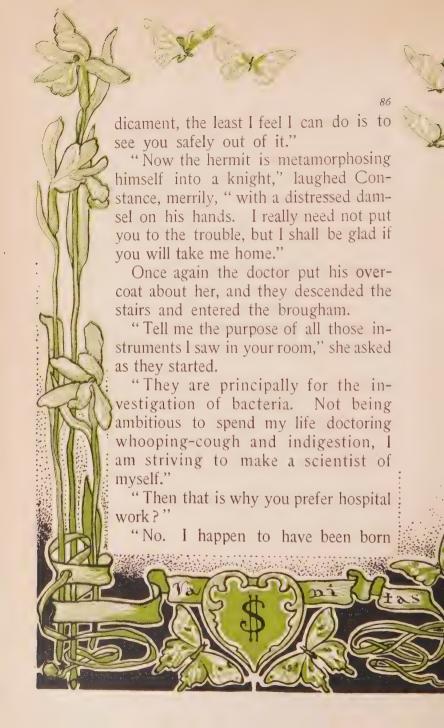


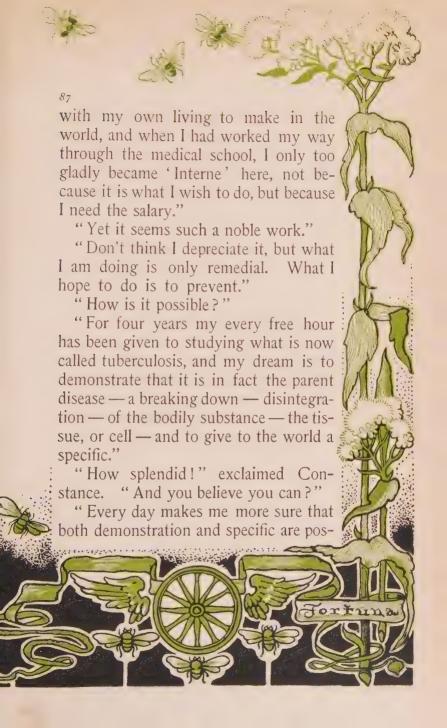


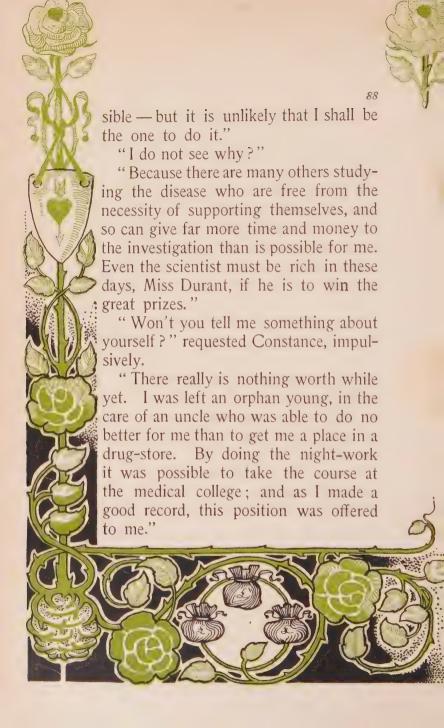


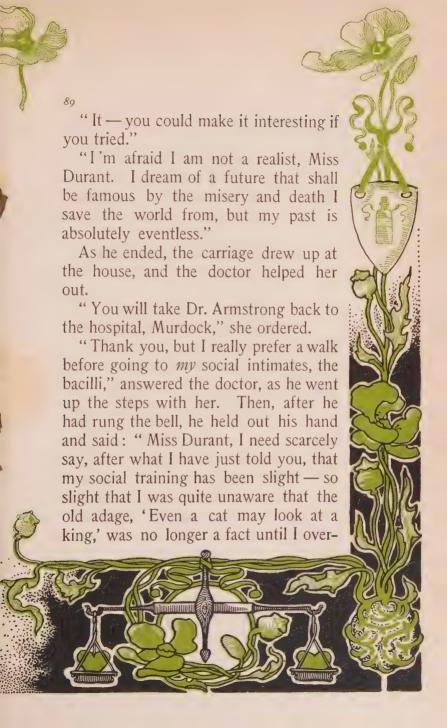


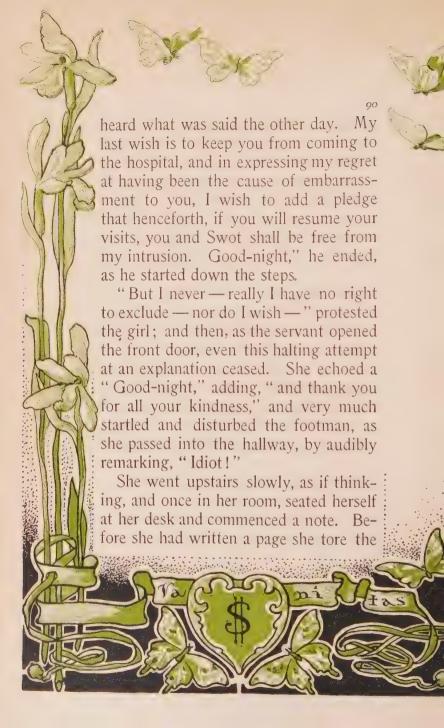


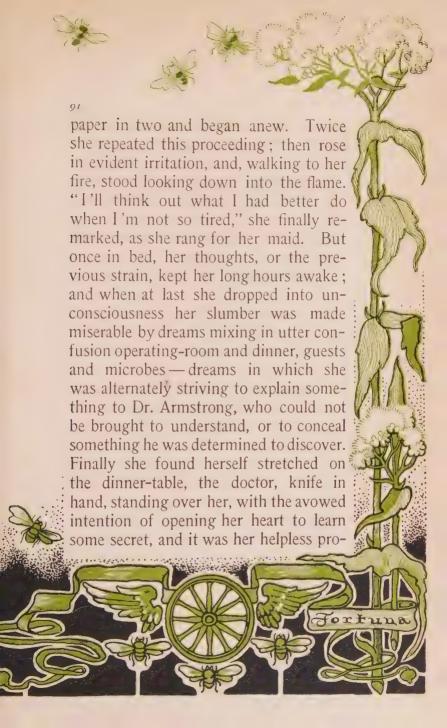


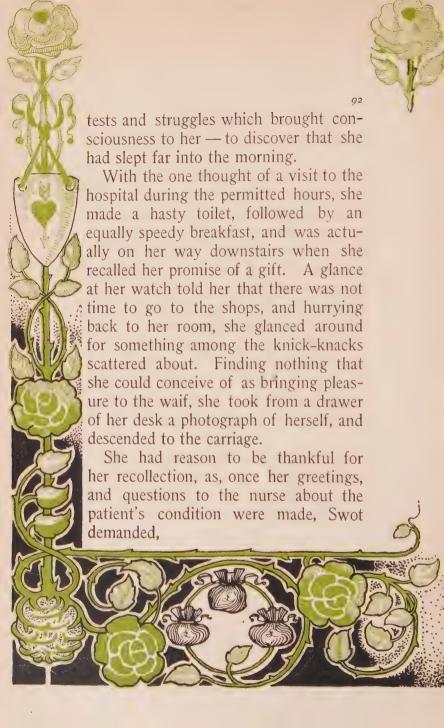


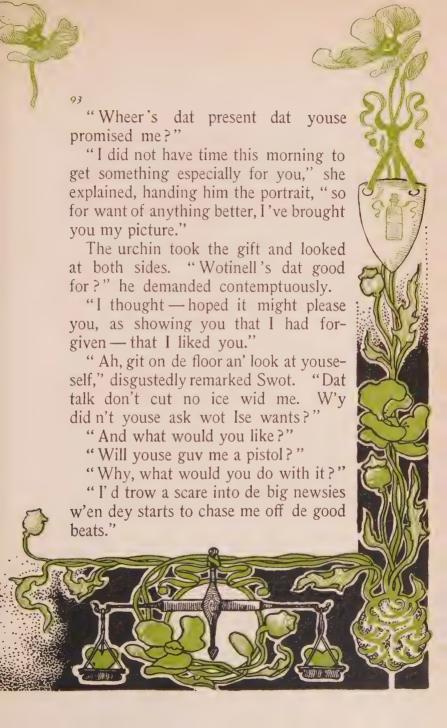


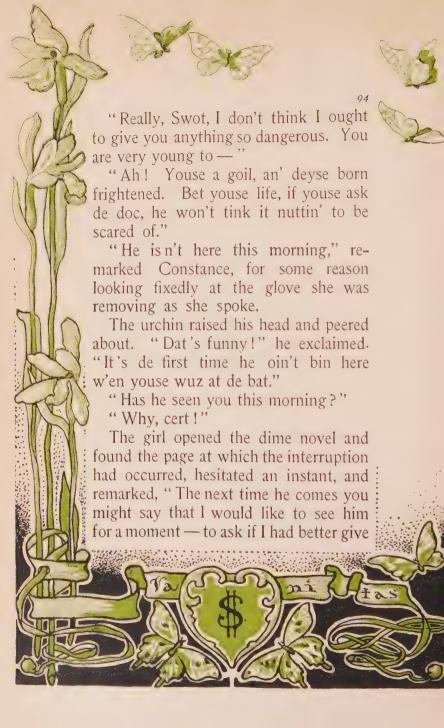


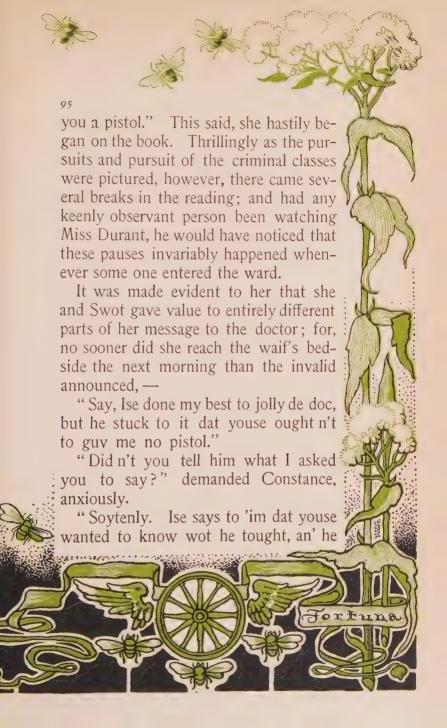


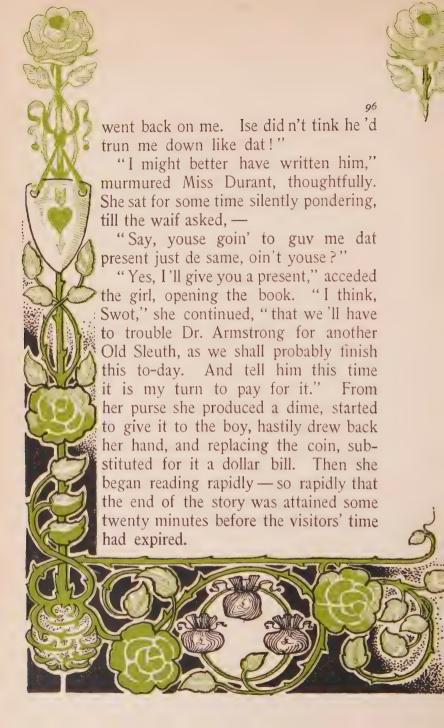




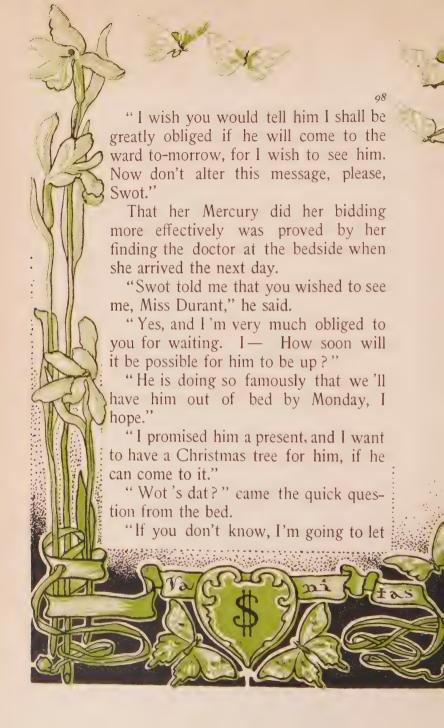


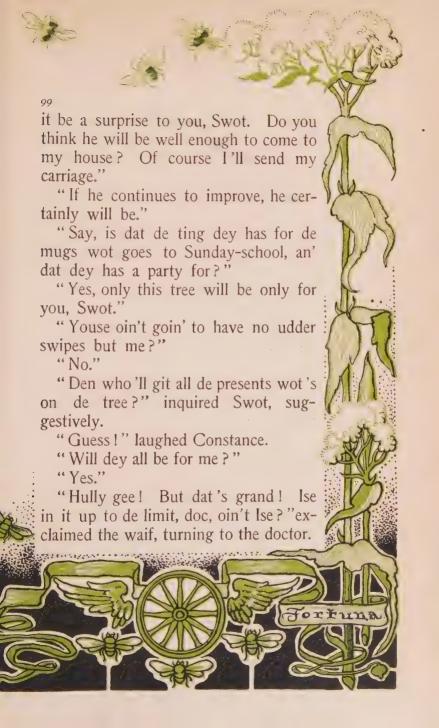






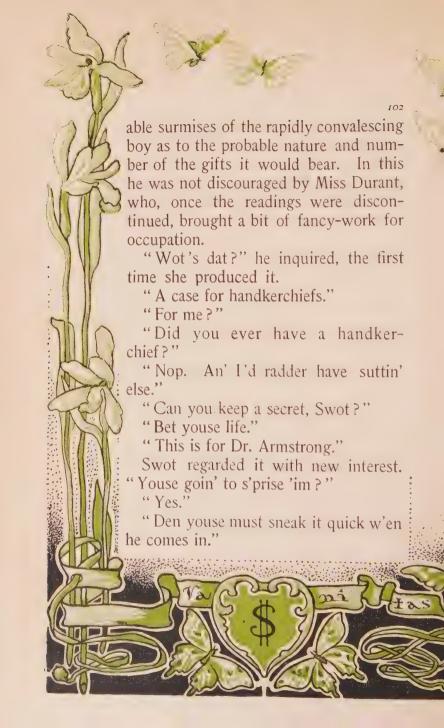
"Say," was her greeting on the following day, as Swot held up another lurid-looking tale and the dollar bill, "Ise told de doc youse wuz n't willin' dat he, bein' poor, should bleed de cash dis time, an' dat youse guv me dis to -" "You did n't put it that way, Swot?" demanded Miss Durant. "Wot way?" "That I said he was poor." "Soytenly." "Oh, Swot, how could you?" "Wot's de matter?" "I never said that! Was he - was he — What did he say?" "Nuttin' much, 'cept dat I wuz to guv vouse back de dough, for de books wuz on 'im." "I'm afraid you have pained him, Swot, and you certainly have pained me. Did he seem hurt or offended?" "Nop."



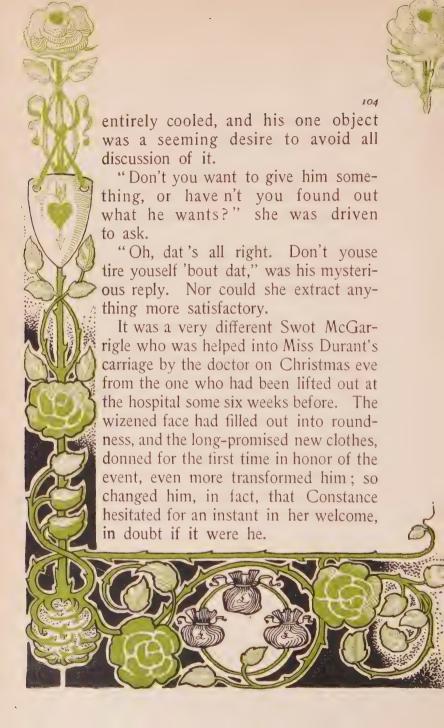




101 "Say," broke in the youngster, "growed-up folks don't git tings off de tree, does dev?" Both Constance and the doctor laughed at the obvious fear in the boy's mind. "No, Swot," the man replied; "and I've had my Christmas gift from Miss Durant already." "Wot wuz dat?" "Ask her," replied Dr. Armstrong, as he walked away. "Wot have youse guv 'im?" Constance laughed, and blushed still more deeply, as, after a slight pause, she replied, "It's my turn, Swot, to say 'rubber'?" This said, she stooped impulsively and kissed the boy's forehead. "You are a dear. Swot," she asserted. warmly. With the mooting of the Christmas tree, the interest in Old Sleuth markedly declined, being succeeded by innumer-









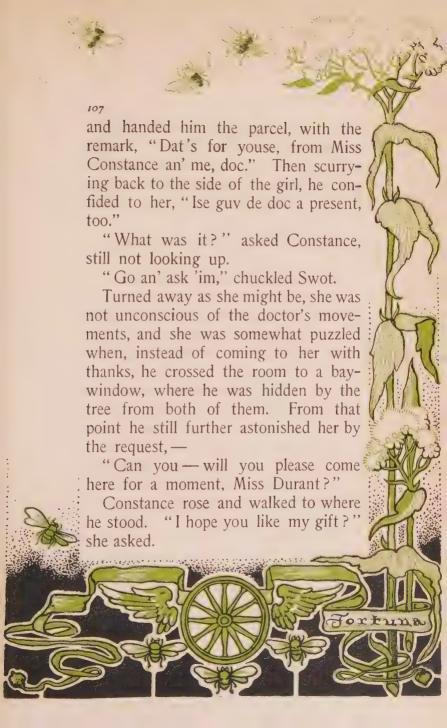


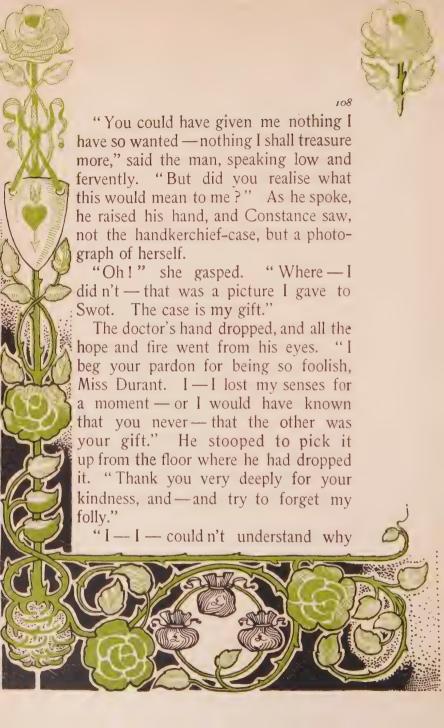


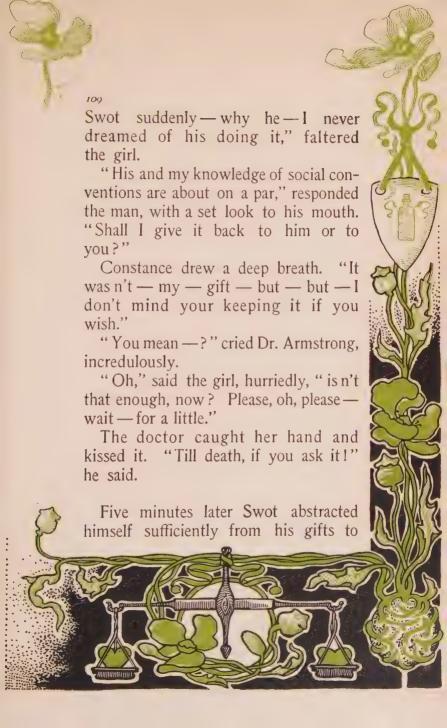
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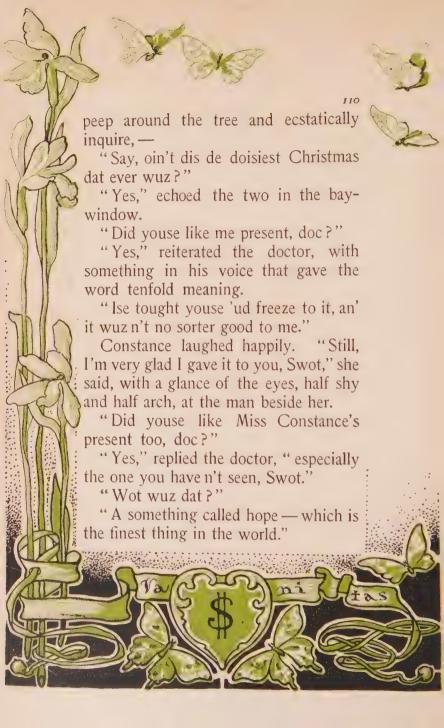
105 "I have the tree in my own room, because I wanted all the fun to ourselves," she explained, as she led the way upstairs, "and downstairs we should almost certainly be interrupted by callers, or something. But before you go, Dr. Armstrong, I want you to meet my family, and of course they all want to see Swot." It was not a large nor particularly brilliant tree, but to Swot it was everything that was beautiful. At first he was afraid to approach, but after a little Constance persuaded him into a walk around it, and finally tempted him, by an artful mention of what was in one of the larger packages at the base, to treat it more familiarly. Once the ice was broken, the two were quickly seated on the floor, Constance cutting strings, and Swot giving shouts of delight at each new treasure. Presently, in especial joy over some prize, the boy turned to show

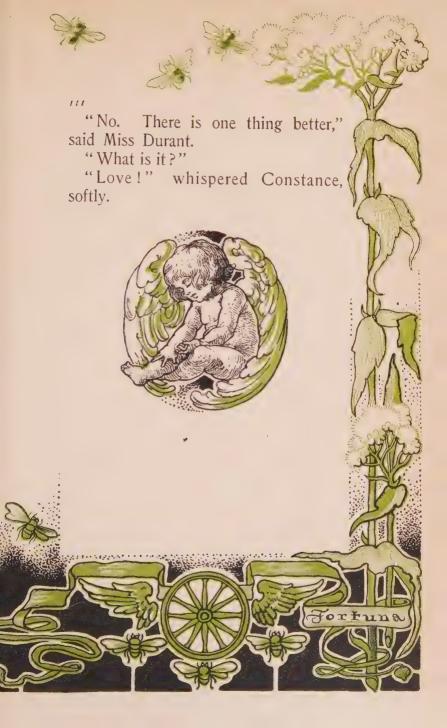




















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